

# The Saturday Evening Post.

Vol. II.—No. 44.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1823.

Whole No. 116

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 Market street, north side, four doors below Second street, at \$3 per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or \$3 at the end of the year.



## A VOICE FROM LEATHER-STOCKING.

From forests where panthers and leopards are prowling,  
From mountains whose summits are touch'd by the skies,  
From woods where the tempest is endlessly howling,  
From rivers whose vapours in rainbows arise,  
The voice of a stranger to man and his troubles,  
That greets you afar from the lakes of the west,  
Where calmly and only the silver lake bubbles,  
Whose banks by the white-man have never been prest.

Thou' long since the day that I left you behind me,  
The nearest to mountains that curtain the sun,  
The ties that were few, now they're fewer than kind me,  
To linger so long as I weakly have done.

I come from a wilderness dark as the ocean,  
To visit the woods where I hunted when young,  
Where once undisturb'd was the Indian's devotion,  
And once where the lark and the partridge have sung.

But ah! when the tempest of age has bereft me,  
Of vigor and energy anciently mine,  
How few are the comforts misfortune has left me,  
How dim are the sun-beams that over me shine.

My bow has been level'd, my skill has been plumb'd,  
The hills have been bared and inur'd to the plough,  
And the lake o'er whose bosom my long rifle thunder'd,  
Is free from those squadrons of water-fowl now.

My dogs, that have shared with their master his sorrow,  
Are slumbering at last with the turf on their breast,  
But soon shall I join them when nature shall borrow,  
The clay that detains me from entering their rest.

To the home of the temples the light of my child hood,  
The hill where I rescu'd Eliza from fire,  
And dearer than darker the glen in the wildwood,  
Where the tiger I fell'd in the time of his ire.

But where is Eliza? she too has departed,  
To grace the light dance, in a mansion of love,  
For the tree that so near her had suddenly parted,  
Was a messenger sent but to call her above.

And Oliver too? but the surf of Pacific,  
Shall sum me a welcome as free as the breeze,  
And the soul of the Stinking thro' the tempestative,  
Shall rise into life from the damps of the grave.

October 22, 1823.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A rich man once said to a crowd of friends,  
For every rich man-crowd of friends possesses,  
Who is there here that has not on me depends,  
Who is there that has not on me depends?

"My friends," he cried, "if sorrow's deadly blight  
Attack'd me, and it pain and woe came near,  
Who is there, if my fortune e'er in night,  
Would vanish? say, what one that now is here?

Would his once bounteous friend and patron shun?"  
They all in a loud voice cried out "not one!"  
Years roll'd away; at length his wealth was wasted,  
Care sear'd his brain, deep sorrow touch'd his face.

He turn'd to those that had his bounty tasted,  
To ease his grief, by hearing off a part,  
"My friends come soothe my soul, I am undone,"  
He said, he looked around, and saw—not one!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Give me the friendship that enwraths  
Around the chilling cup of care,  
Give me the balm of pity breathes,  
The feeling heart, the falling tear.

For 'tis not in the goblet bright,  
The gem of friendship glows,  
Tis like the star that shines by night,  
Through winter's storms and snows.

The world—it is a bitter one,  
And men are govern'd all by gold,  
But live—in woman's breast begun,  
Clings like the faithful ivy's fold.

In poverty, still more tenderly  
Her faith, her friendship purer glows,  
She is the balm of misery,  
The star that shines thro' storms and snows.

Alas! that clouds should ever steal  
O'er love's delicious sky,  
That ever love's sweet light should feel,  
Aught but the gentlest sigh.

Love is a pearl of purest hue,  
But stormy waves are round it,  
And dearly may a woman rue,  
The hour that first she found it.

Jersey Lord.—We are requested to state, says the Trenton Federalist, in our paper, by a mercantile house in Philadelphia, that the value of Jersey Lord is depreciated very much in foreign markets, as in that of Philadelphia, by the practice of cutting up so much fat pork, and rendering it so hard by this practice the market is overstocked as well as the quality injured, and the price of course lowered. Also, that Lord ought to be well tried—and that much of the Jersey Lord is rancid soon, owing to its being but half tried. These remarks, we believe, come from experienced dealers in the article.

Hasbil and Franswa who were charged with aiding Smith in the murder of the late of the sch. Tatter was, on Wednesday, pronounced by the Jury 'not guilty.'

## SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP—TO MARY.

What is friendship—'tis something more  
Than a mere name, 'a charm that lulls to sleep.'  
O yes! it is a sweet mysterious power,  
Can two frail hearts in mutual kindness keep;  
It is the golden chain of love that binds,  
In virtuous purposes, two virtuous minds;  
It does not spring from selfish sordid views,  
Nor yet in pure devotedness begin,  
Can only for its trust its image choose,  
And less displays without, than feels within.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On being desired by a Lady to drink to the Girl I loved best.

Here's to the Girl I love, and may each day  
But make her happier as it rolls away.  
A fairer form than her's, eyes cannot see;  
A purer heart than her's, there could not be:  
I will not wish her beauty, and to add  
Kind heaven for goodness, were an idle task,  
When she possesses both—then may the maid  
In worth or beauty never retrograde.

## THE DYING CHILD.

The taper was just glimmering in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother, awaked from a momentary slumber to renew her anguish: she turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly moving in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard but the strokes of the clock pendulum and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which mingled with the short deep breath of his suffering darling.

Half raised and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment when a sigh or a struggle should announce, that hope and life had together taken their everlasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation: it was the expiring innocent's favourite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed all other care; and, as the sad presage of his fate, it now expired? The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird; and at this instant, to add to their distresses, the candle ceased to burn, the father seized the infant's hand, the mother felt for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and all was cold!

## AN HEIRLESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends upon this circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to imitate in each other, and half the animosity which exists in the world, would fade away and be forgotten. It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my maternal uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was the heir to ten thousand pounds per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no great impression upon me at the time; and in spite of the circumstances being regularly dwelt on by my French governess at Camden House after every tedious mid-morning, I had thought little or nothing of the subject, till at the age of eighteen I was called on to bid adieu to Levee and procreancy, and hear my uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking of Mr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me while I am writing—expressed positively frightful, while he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared, that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life, and that the only subject upon which they ever agreed was, to support the dignity of the Vavasour family. That in a moment of unprecedented union, they had determined that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family we should marry. And it seemed which—over party divided these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this pious arrangement, I blessed myself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I for a husband of an orphan; of a girl, who has not a nearer relative than himself in the world; who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her. A professed rake too; who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate; who will think no love, no confidence, no respect, due to me—will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature! No—I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, revere their office, and tremble at their authority; but to make myself wretched merely to please them—No, no—I positively cannot think of it.

Well, time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one; and, on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfill the arrangement. My opinion, I found, was to be asked. A rich and titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me—Can I not see him and judge of his character unsuspected by himself? This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my god-mother, why not persuade her to let me visit her in company? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on; and a week saw me at Vale Royal, without carriage, without horses, without servants, to all appearance, a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly as I descended to the dining room, where I was to see, for the first time, the arbiter of my fate; and I never shall forget my start of surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me as the only, dissolute, and dissipated heir. Previously have I been teased, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Mr. Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, "You had better return home." Still I lingered—till one evening, towards the close of a long tale—a tale conversational, on my saying "that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on \$500 a year," he replied, "one admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he

continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that revolving on taking orders and accepting a living from a friend, if I should more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement." His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me; and Heaven knows what, should I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a guilty foreign to my heart. "I can say nothing to you, till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. See her in once." "But why?" he exclaimed, "could you see her again and again over-reconcile me to her manners, habits and sentiments? or any sum of money, however large, induce me to place at the head of my table a hump-backed, blue-stem in green spectacles?" "Hump-backed?" "Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?" "Intimately. She's my most particular friend!" "I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am. I hope you're not offended?" "Offended! Oh no—not offended—Hump-backed, good Heaven! not the least offended. Hump-backed, of all the things in the world!" and involuntarily gave a glance towards the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, "that there was any acquaintance." "I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing." "The devil!" "Don't swear, but here we sit, and your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. Further, at present, this daughter with not, and with a face ludicrously disfigured with an attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I escaped to my own room. We did not meet again, for the next morning, in no evitable frame of mind, I returned home.

Nat many weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, near a table covered with ponderous volumes, I prepared for this tremendous interview. After some and hails innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No," said I, in a voice that made him start, and drawing up the blinds, "No, no, it is preposterous to suppose, Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill bred, awkward, and hump-backed girl!" Exclamations and exclamations, laughter and rallery—intermixed with more serious feelings—followed; but the result of it all was—that—that—that—we are married.

ELLEN.

## BRISTOLTON.

In a late work entitled letters on England, by the Count de Soligny, a real or fictitious French nobleman, the following account is given of the mode in which the visitors at Bristol, the celebrated watering-place, pass their time.

"The usual hour of rising is about nine. Perhaps an hour or two before this, two or three of the party, (young ladies more than men) place themselves in the room, and glad of an opportunity of looking about them unchecked by the Argus eyes of their mamma or aunts, will stroll to the sea-shore, and dip their finger into the water to taste 'how salt it is!' or try how near they can put their very pretty feet to the little waves that come rippling over each other, without being caught by them; or wonder at the ocean, and confess that 'it is not near so large as they thought it was.' About nine they return; seldom without trophies of their enterprise—such as a 'curious' stone with a hole in it, a dry star fish, or a long wet seaweed dangling to their fingers' ends. By this time the rest of the company begin to drop in, in parties of three or four, to the public eating room, where a breakfast is prepared of tea, coffee, eggs, &c. This lasts about an hour, during the course of which each seldom fails to inform all the rest who are within speaking distance, that 'it's a fine' or 'a dull morning,' as if each fancied that all the others wanted the faculty to find it out. This generally forms the sum and substance of the conversation during the breakfast; after which the females retire. Some of them go to their chambers an hour or two to read; not, however, the works of the authors we are acquainted with in France—such as Voltaire and Pope, or Steele or Addison, or Richardson and Fielding; these appear to have gone quite out of fashion. Nothing is to be seen but novels; written by no matter who—any body or nobody—provided they have attractive titles, such as 'The Victim of Sentiment,' or 'The Recluse of the Forest,' or romances in verse and others in prose, written by a living author named Scott, who has lately become extravagantly popular among them. Others sit down to a piano there is in the public sitting room, and amuse themselves by playing and singing; in both of which accomplishments I have as yet been able to discover nothing remarkable, except a total want of feeling either for their instrument, their music, or their hearers. Others are walking on the sea shore to pick up shells, or, if the weather is favourable, taking a dip in the sea—for some cannot get leave of their papas to come here, without promising to pay this tax at the shrine of health. For the convenience of bathing they are provided with wooden boxes, which go on wheels, and are drawn a short distance into the water by a horse. From this little moving house they descend down steps, and are assisted by women, who attend for the purpose, and sometimes by men. Those who are not occupied in any of these ways, will perhaps be found driving about the town or neighbourhood, in little wooden machines a foot from the ground, drawn by one or two donkeys—or riding upon the backs of those animals, attended by a little boy behind to flog them on—I mean the donkeys. I suppose you are putting on an incredulous smile at all this; but it is literally true, I assure you. During this time the men are employed in reading newspapers, or playing at billiards, (which they have no notion of) or sailing out in a filthy fishing boat, and coming back sick—or such as keep horses to ride up to the towns, where they exhibit their boasted skill in horsemanship, by trying who can gallop fastest, or leap in the best style over a ditch a yard wide, or a hedge a foot high! All this fills up the time till about three; when they return and dress for dinner, which takes place about half past four. This is the only meal at which the English eat—and the wonder is that, with their execrable cooking, they can eat at all. The whole is put on the table at once, except the pastry, which they never dine without. The cloth then removed, and the wine and desert put upon the bare table—They take scarcely any wine with their dinner; and the ladies all leave the room a short time after it is over. The men remain about an hour; when most of the party assemble in the drawing room. During this operation some of the men amuse themselves by talking what I suppose they call gallantry, to the ladies; to which the latter appear to listen with exemplary patience. But, generally speak-

ing, the men—and particularly the young ones—crowd together in one corner of the room, and recount the adventures of the day; embellishing the relation every now and then by a loud general laugh, when, to any thing the rest of the company know to the contrary, may be directed at them."

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In the year 1736, Mr. Hays, a gentleman of fortune, in travelling, stopped at an inn in Oxfordshire, kept by one Jonathan Bradford. He there met with two gentlemen with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then with him a considerable sum of money. Having retired to rest, the two gentlemen, who slept in a double bedded room, were awakened by deep groans in the adjoining chamber. They instantly arose and proceeded silently to the room whence the groans were heard. The door was half open, and on entering they perceived a person wallowing in his blood, in the bed and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. They soon discovered that the gentleman murdered was the one with whom they had supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They instantly seized him, disarmed him of the knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same intentions as themselves; for that hearing a noise, which was succeeded by groans, he got up, struck a light and armed himself with a knife in his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of no avail; he was kept in close custody until the morning, when he was taken before a neighboring justice of the peace, to whom the evidence appeared so decisive, that on writing out his mittimus, he hesitated not to say, "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

At the ensuing assizes at Oxford, Bradford was tried, convicted, and shortly after executed, still however declaring that he was not guilty of the murder. This afterwards proved to be true; the murder was actually committed by Mr. Hays's footman, who immediately on stabbing his master, filled his pockets, and escaped to his own room which was scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience of the footman on his death-bed—eighteen months after the murder; and dying almost immediately after he had made the declaration, justice lost its victim.

It is however, remarkable, that Bradford, though innocent, and not at all privy to the murder, was nevertheless a murderer in design. He confessed to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence, that having heard that Mr. Hays had a large sum of money about him, he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement; he could not believe his senses; and in turning back the bed clothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hands and knife became stained, and thus increased the suspicious circumstances in which he was found.

## COLLECTANIA.

### How to live!—after a ducal recipe.

If the duke of Q— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for the want of culinary comforts, and those other succulent arts by which longevity is best promoted. His Grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:—At 7 in the morning he regales in a warm milk bath perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee and a buttered muffin, and afterwards retires to his bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on coffee au lait, with new laid-eggs, just parboiled; at eleven he is presented with two warm jellies and rusques; at one he eats a wafel cutlet a la Maitre; at three, jellies and eggs; at five a cup of chocolate and rusques—at half after seven, he takes a hearty dinner from his seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of claret and Madeira—at ten, tea, coffee, and muffins—at twelve, soup on a roasted poulet, with a plentiful dilution of lime punch—at one in the morning, he retires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps until three, when his man cooks, to a moment, waits upon him in person with a hot savoury cutlet, which, with a portion of wine and water, prepares him for his future repose, that continues generally uninterrupted until the morning summons him to his Lettuce bath. In this routine of living comforts are the four and twenty hours invariably divided; so that if his Grace does not know with Sir Toby Belch, "that our life is composed of the four elements," he knows at least, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "that it consists in eating and drinking."

## LUXURY OF PAUIMONY.

A person of rather singular habits, well known by the name of Dicky Willan, has been in the neighbourhood of Witherslack, England, for some years, and is at present lodging at Matthew Martindale's, of Uphs, reaping corn for James Tomlinson. He regularly reaps, binds, and stacks, between 25 and 40 battocks per day; and, what is still more remarkable, he lives upon nothing but a meal and water. He takes with him to the field a small bag of meal, and a tin can; and when hungry, he repairs to the nearest pool or ditch, and then he revels in luxury over a new made eam of crowdy. About three years ago he reaped for Mr. W. Stockdale, of Witherslack Hall, 42 or 43 battocks per day; his diet meal and water, his bed the hay-mow. It is certainly worthy of notice, that when this singular being has earned five or ten pounds, he resorts to some public house, and then makes merry with his neighbors till all is expended. It is not uncommon at these times to see a bottle of gin, a bottle of rum, and a bottle of brandy, all on the table at once, and the little man urging his companions to drink. When these revels are over, he returns peaceably to his labour, living upon meal and water, and sleeping in out houses, till his purse is again replenished.

## AN INFERENCE.

A certain Master of Arts, reading a pompous lecture on the powers of the human mind, defined man, as an animal that draws an inference. When his lecture was concluded, two of his scholars, who did not feel the definition quite satisfactory, walked out to converse about it, and in their perambulations through the town, saw inscribed upon a door, "Hicman, Drawing Master." They entered his house, and after some other questions relative to his profession asked him what he could draw! To which he replied, a landscape, a portrait, or a history piece. "Pray, sir," said one of them, "can you draw an inference?" "Why, truly," answered he, "never having seen one, I cannot." On this they walked into another street, where observing a brewer's dray, with a large powerful horse in the shafts before the door, one of them patted him on the flank, and remarked that he seemed a very strong animal; to which the drayman fully assented. "I dare say he can draw a great weight," said the scholar. "Indeed he

can, master," said the drayman; "indeed he can, a very great weight." "Pray my good fellow, do you think he can draw an inference?" "Oh, he can draw any thing in reason," replied the drayman. The two young men were now satisfied, and returning to the lecture room, one of them thus addressed the reader: "Master, we have been conversing upon your definition, and we are convinced it is stark night, for we have met with a man, and a very stout too, that cannot draw an inference, and we have met with a horse that can."

## HORSE AND GREYHOUND.

Various have been the opinions upon the difference of speed between a well bred greyhound and a race horse, if opposed to each other. Wishes had been frequently indulged by the sporting world, that some criterion should be adopted by which the superiority of speed could be fairly ascertained, when the following circumstances accidentally took place, and afforded some information upon what had been previously considered a matter of great uncertainty. In the month of December, 1820, a match was to have been run over a distance of one hundred guineas, but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone, that by running the ground she might ensure the winner; when having run about one mile in the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, which joined her from the side of the course, and emulating entering into the competition, continued the race with the mare for the other three miles, keeping nearly head and head, and achieving an excellent time to the field by the energetic exertions of each. At passing the distance post, five to four was betted in favor of the greyhound; when parallel with the stand it was over, betting, and any person might have taken his choice from five to ten; the mare however, had the advantage by a head at the termination of the course.

The country people who bring timber to Christians, deliver over their boards to the overseers of the great timber magazine, who mark on their backs with chalk in letters and figures the place to which the boards were brought, and the number of them. It is a singular sight to see these boards hurrying away with all possible expedition to the counting houses of the merchants in the Quay, with this original species of obligation on their shoulders. By stopping in their way, or engaging in any other business, they might rub out the marks on their backs, and thus extinguish forever all evidence of the debt. When they appear before the treasurer at the counting-house, they have no occasion to say a single word. They present their shoulders, and are immediately paid. The brush which the treasurer applies to his shoulders is the hour's acquittance.—*For Dicks' Travels in Norway.*

## THE ORIGIN OF TYTTIES.

A certain woman found by the way side a lamb perishing with cold and hunger. She had pity upon the lamb and took it into her house and nursed it and brought it again into life. And it came to pass that the lamb grew up and was a goodly ewe, and had a large fleece.—And the poor woman sheared the ewe, when lo! the priest came unto the woman and said, "The first fruits of every thing belong unto the Lord; and I must have the wool." The woman said, "It is hard," and he took the lamb. And it came to pass, that soon after the ewe yeased and brought forth a lamb.—When lo! the chief priest came again unto the woman and said, "The firstling of every flock belongeth unto the Lord; I must have the lamb." The woman said, "It is hard," the priest said, "it is written," and he took the lamb. And when it came to pass that the woman found she could make no profit from the ewe, she killed and dressed it; when lo! the chief priest came again unto her, and took a leg, a loin, and a shoulder, for a burnt offering.—And it came to pass that the poor woman was exceeding wrath because of the robbery, and she said unto the chief priest, "curse on the ewe, oh that I had never meddled there with." And the chief priest straightway said unto her, "whatsoever is cursed belongeth unto the Lord," so he took the remainder of the mutton, which he and the Levites ate for their supper.

## THE SENTENTIOUS WORLD.

Nothing is so easy for a gentleman as to enter a lady's drawing room, and nothing is so difficult as to do it gracefully.

A mistress of arts is generally an overmatch for a master of arts.

Those who extravagantly extol the superiority of the ancients, should consider, that among them they had not a linen shirt, or knew the benefits of a pair of spectacles.

A handsome man is often vainier than a handsome woman.

When asked to dinner, either promptly accept the invitation, or give a reason for declining it; but do not make any hesitation, as if you make your acceptance a matter of favor.

In a mixed company let your conversation be guarded; for, without intending it, you may say something which a person present may consider as personal, and for which you may be obliged to make an apology.

Send your son into the world with good principles, and a good education, and he will find his way in the dark.

A guinea found in the street will not do a man so much good as one earned by industry.

Give a man work and he will find money.

To attend to a long story ill told, requires more than mortal patience.

A fine woman ought to add annually to her accomplishments, as much as her beauty loses in the time.

If you wish to have a good crop of corn, weed the field with great care. Do the same by your mind.

BEAUTY.—"The most plentiful source of beauty is expression. It is this which gives a commanding majesty, a winning softness, or other graces to the countenance: for the face being a picture of the mind, whatever amiable qualities are discerned these give a lustre to the features expressing them. Therefore, in our descriptions of beauty, we employ epithets borrowed from the sentiments, such as a cheerful, an innocent, an honest, or a sensible countenance. Beauty in the other sex delights us more, because we are more interested in it. Women, on the contrary, are very bad judges of one another's persons, because they are not affected by them: they judge by rules, not by what they feel.

Many works of art are beautiful from their likeness to the works of nature; wherefore there may be a beautiful copy of an ugly original. The famous statue of Laocoon is admired, though Laocoon himself would be shocking to the beholders; and we admit pictures of satyrs, witches, old men with rugged features and grizzly beards, to hang as ornaments in our chambers, though we should deem the originals frightful."



[illegible]

28.  
and  
n. of  
gro  
oil.  
sp.  
oil.  
du.

and.  
tes!  
bo  
in-  
tath  
l at  
rive.  
ess,  
73  
B.  
33,

2 37,  
13  
n 10.

1.  
 217.  
 3.  
 and  
 and of  
 ces.

